

Razor
by
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Dedicated to the Ever-loved
Mary Mills

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Act 1; Scene 1

Opening Credits

EXT: MOUNTAINOUS TUNDRA, MORNING

Pan across a mountainous landscape while snowing, as if to continue the end credits in *Old Boy*. The camera continues to pan right until it reaches the ground where we watch the snow drift in front of the tree line. *The Last Waltz* plays in the background as we come upon a girl's blonde head in the snow.

The once tender figure has tussled hair, mud, blood, and snow mix around the beautiful body as we pan across it. At the feet of the body is another pair of feet lying just below the heel with the same shoes on, as if a mirror. We pan up the second body. It is in the exact same condition and looks exactly like the first, blood splattered around the head too.

Wide shot from above, their bodies mirror, blood stains are on opposite sides of their bodies. They are both in black/purple clothes which makes them silhouettes against the snow.

Same shot as opening shot ended on second girl. She bolts upright, breathing heavy, cutting the music off completely. She looks frantically around. She sees the shovel, the purse and finally the body in the shallow grave in front of her.

Shot from her face to the face in the grave which appears to be hers. She gets up, backing away quickly, falling and tumbling to the ground. She breathes heavy, coughs, staring at the white ground. She turns around, looks back into the grave, her face ruddy with tears. The body in the ground has a bullet in its head, small, like a mole, probably from a 22 caliber hand gun. She backs away, grabs the purse and runs, tripping over the shovel.

Looking at the shovel, the blood, the grave, the bullet.

The montage of burying the body should reflect the distraughtness of how she feels; quick clips, each punctuated by one of her exhalations, the montage broken apart by moments of her taking a break, breathing very deeply for a moment, rasping, the editor can have a longer shot here. Rule of threes, three breaks, third is the last break, when she's on her knees, clinging to the shovel, breathing hard, the grave finished. She abruptly gets up and walks away, the camera pans up, above her, over the woods to the horizon line.

Act 1; Scene 2

EXT: WOODS/PARKING LOT

Our heroin emerges from the woods, it is notably later in the day. She is holding her heeled boots in her hands.

In front of her is a parking lot with a single maroon Maserati.

She looks in the purse and grabs some car keys. She clicks the button on the car key. A half-second passes, the car beeps, she's relieved and runs to the car.

INT. CAR - EVENING

She pulls out the purse's contents and puts them on the passenger seat. Objects are:

- 1 - card key to a Sheraton hotel room
- 1 - iPhone
- 1 - bedazzled wallet
- 1 - set of car keys
- 1 - Beretta 92SB-C (silver) with wooden grip

She looks at them growing even more frantic, then looks at the phone and the room key and then back at the phone, grabs them and calls the Sheraton, pulls out of the parking lot and down the road.

Act 1; Scene 3

INT. SHERATON HOTEL LOBBY

Continuous pan right from door as girl enters into the humble but elegant lobby of a very nice hotel in a fairly small town. This pan will end when she sits at the bar. People stare at her the entire way, because she's extremely dirty and also has a blood running down the side of her face.

Narration over pan: Post Concussion Stress is similar to PTSD. You grow anxious around people, loudness and light can cause nausea or headaches, and one may obsess over the incident that caused the symptoms.

Shots from her perspective.

The bartender waddles over with an air of familiarity and curiosity about her situation.

JADE

Southern Comfort

As we watch the bartender begin fixing the drink behind the CU on her face the narration continues.

NARRATOR

After a concussion it is not advisable to exert oneself physically, watch TV, operate vehicles or heavy machinery...

Glass is handed to her.

NARRATOR

...or consume alcohol.

she takes a sip, stares at the wall. Shot goes from MCU to M and she comically faints on the bar.

Act 1; Scene 4

INT. HOTEL SUITE

First person perspective shot. The room is out of focus, the camera bobs around. Some guy is talking as if from inside a broken amp tube. The camera looks over, there's a figure of a man, mouth moving, but looks like a ghost with a hole in its face. It sounds like it is reciting a chant. The camera is thrown forward and we hear vomiting as the camera goes black.

Medium shot of JADE looking up, she's on an off-white couch stained in vomit. Pan left to goofy guy with a lip gauge and a few tattoos looking at her like he is attracted but nervous at her monster-like appearance, while trying to seem pleasant.

JADE

Water please.

We hear Paul run to the kitchen. She looks around the hotel room, it's lavish and large, a pristine white, only textured by bland landscape photos with black borders.

He gets back strangely soon, his hand holds a water bottle in her face, we never see him move it there.

PAUL

Do you feel any better?

JADE

No (she croaks)... You don't look like a cop.

PAUL

Hahah, naw, it's OK, we told everyone you'd been in an accident.

JADE

Everyone?

PAUL

In the lobby, you kinda made a scene. The manager was going to call the paper but I told him if he wants your business he'd keep his mouth shut. What did happen to you? You look like you were thrown out of a tree.

JADE

Several actually.

PAUL

Yeah, no problem, I was on call. I just got done checking in on some guy who thought he'd had a heart attack when you fainted in the lobby.

JADE

You're an EMT?

PAUL

Eh, more nurse that makes house calls but who's counting. I'm Paul by the way. So... everyone's million dollar question is, what the hell happened to you?

JADE

I... I think I had a concussion. I really can't remember anything.

Shots of her running through the woods. flash between her sentences. Then a shot of the dead body.

PAUL

Well that explains a lot. You think it's serious?

JADE

Yeah I wake up like this most days. Are you kidding me?! I can't remember my name Paul! My fucking name!

PAUL

Relax relax. We will work on that. Temporary amnesia is a normal after severe concussions. What can you remember?

JADE

I'm very tired Paul.

PAUL

Well, see, if you just can't remember the event then it's PTSC

or a mild concussion, if you can't remember anything about yourself, Jason Bourne style then you've had a serious concussion. It depends on how long you were unconscious. If you were out for a very long time and lost blood in your brain, which it looks like you did, then some memories may be lost.

JADE

You're pretty savvy for a nurse.

PAUL

And you're very dodgy for someone who says she can't remember anything.

Jade smiles at Paul, he looks down nervously then back at her. A moment passes.

JADE

The last thing I remember is... last week, I was in class. I got nervous. I remember riding a big car in New York, and shopping. Watching myself shop.

PAUL

Like an out of body experience thing?

JADE

Yeah, I duno, kind of.

She stares into Paul's eyes, hers welling up.

Paul, where am I?

He holds her in his chest for a while.

PAUL

You ought to take a shower, you
smell horrible.

Jade and Paul laugh together. She looks at him longingly and goes into the bathroom.

Act 1; Scene 5

INT. BATHROOM

The bathroom lighting is very blue. Checkered black and white tiling line the floor. She takes her clothes off agonizingly to avoid tearing her wounds. She looks hard in the mirror once she just has a bra on. She looks terribly beat up but attractive. She touches her face, we can't tell if she can recognize herself or not.

She grazes her body with her fingertips until it reaches a tattoo over her heart. It's a simple black tribal leaf with a small flower. A simple black vine leads to a poem that starts below her armpit and circles around her back, ending at her midriff.

JADE

Paul! Paul! Come here!

PAUL

You sound alright, I'm just going
to hang out here.

JADE

Paul, get your candy ass in here.

PAUL

You're going to have to buy me
dinner first.

JADE

No, Paul, it's... I have a tattoo

PAUL

Ya know, that doesn't turn everyone
on the way you might think.

She bolts out into the living room in jeans and a bra. He
looks her up and down, then at the tattoo.

PAUL

Whoa that's some serious ink.

JADE

You have to read it to me.

He begins reading it, his voice becomes Eric, (a guy we'll
meet later). Over the narrating of the poem we get flashes
from her past.

Act 1; Scene 6

*You see the angels have come to sit on the delay for a while,
they have come brought their swiftnesses like musics
down.*

*to fit them on the listening.
Their robes, their white open-mindedness gliding into the corners,
slipping this way then that,
over the degrees, over the marble*

*I've watched all the afternoon how the pure birds
cross and recross neither for play nor hunger,
pressing themselves narrowly against the metal,
feeding their bodies and wings tightly in.
Out of what ceases into what is ceasing,
that great, babyblue exhalation of the one God,
as if in satisfaction at some right ending come.*

Is that it then? Is that the law of freedom?
 That she must see him yet must not touch?
 Is he light
 Who has turned forbidding and thrust his hand up in fury,
 Is he flesh.
 So desperate to escape to carry his purpose away?

She wants to touch him.
 He wants her to believe.
 She should look away.
 She wants to look away.

He is light
 She will be hills one day.
 Her longings all stitchwork towards his immaculate rent
 all alphabet on the wind as she rises from prayer...

I have seen how the smoke here inhabits a space
 in the body of air it must therefore displace,
 and the tree-shaped gap the tree inhabits,
 and the tree-shaped gap the tree invents. Siren,
 reader,
 it is here,
 only here,
 in this gap,
 between us,
 that the body of who we are
 to have been
 emerges: imagine:
 She Lets Him Go
 she lets him through the day faster than the day,
 her scripture.
 She lets him slip free,
 among the birds, arranging and rearranging the shape of the delay,

*Until you have to go with him, don't you
until you have to leave her be,
if all you have to touch her with
is form.*

Act 1; Scene 7

PAUL

What does that mean?

JADE

I have no idea.

Paul sits back in a chair.

Paul

Weird.

JADE

What's weird is I know all of it by heart.

PAUL

It's pretty cool, hey let me write some of it
down. I'll see if I can find something
out about it. Have you got a laptop?

JADE

I duno.

PAUL

Yeah, of course you don't.
Well I'm gonna find one.

JADE

Can't hurt. Though I can't be held
responsible for anything you find.

She turns to go to the bathroom. Then realizes the implications
of what she's just said. Her eyes get big and she turns around.
Her eyes dart to Paul, his eyes dart away from her butt.

PAUL

Yeah, cool. I won't snoop too much

She walks into the bathroom.

She begins looking at her tattoo. In the close-ups we see the text isn't girly or tribal, it is refined and delicate. The detail of the petals and vines and text is immaculate.

We hear a squish. She down to see her foot is bleeding onto a white tile. She looks down at it. Her face reflected on one of the black tiles while the blood spills, staining the white tile red. She gets woozy a little. Quick flash to blood on the snow by the blonde hair of the other girl.

She looks woozy. The camera pans back, making her very tiny and very alone, the light in here blue and isolating.

She falls to the floor on her knees.

CU of face - We see her get ready to cry, looking upward, lost. Then she clenches her teeth to fight it. She goes between fighting and crying for a bit, camera pans back out again, leaving her tiny again.

INT. - HOTEL ROOM

Shot of her feet walking across the pure white carpet. Paul's voice over it. The camera pans up her toweled body to see her chipper, glowing, looking fondly at Paul.

PAUL

Dream of the Unified Field.
It is by the lovely author Jorie
Graham. She has a specialty for
making highly iconographic poetry
that is full of love, heartache,
regret, and religion mixed with fun
dabs at random mythology.

JADE

The laptop fits you, get it at
Clairs?

We see Paul has a pink, bedazzled Macbook Air.

PAUL

Looks better on me than you. Think
I'll keep it.

Paul takes the laptop behind his back as he stands. He sticks
out his tongue and bites it just a bit.

PAUL

And maybe I won't tell you what
your poem means.

Jade moves quickly to him. Their noses are almost touching.

PAUL

It'd be interesting to know what
Noli Me Tangere means.

JADE

And why is that?

PAUL

That would be the name of your
poem.

Jade leans in and grabs the laptop very quickly, then sticks her
tongue out at Paul and sits on the bed.

JADE

Very cute.

PAUL

Almost. Do you know what it means?

JADE

I do... (her eyes glaze over). It
means don't touch me. It's Latin.
*ahem. It's about... It means
something to me that I can't
remember. What have you got?

PAUL

Well the phrase has been used two times before this that I could find. Once a poem by Thomas Wyatt, called *Whose List to Hunt*. Big yawner. It compares a deer to a woman and says she can't be caught and this sob story about unrequited love. He never published these poems himself. True poet really. Then again Shakespeare alludes to it in *Twelfth Night* when he describes his unrequited lover Olivia as a doe meant to be caught. He never gets her. So there seems to be a theme.

PAUL

What do you remember?

JADE

It is about Jesus and Mary Magdalene. Mary finds Jesus drinking beer by the tomb. His tomb? No. Before the other people show up.

PAUL

Apostles?

JADE

Not really. They're some friends, like two people. She runs to embrace him. He holds up his hand to stop her. He says: Noli Me Tangere. She doesn't know what to think, he laughs, smiles and sits down. She approaches again, and he stands up and in Latin he says. 'No, really, don't f'n touch me right now.' Or something... I can remember it like I was there. He has a green hoodie on. This is so weird. It's like the Jesus version

is how I tell the story in my head
and the real version is what I
remember but my brain keeps cutting
back and forth.

It's because...because. It's the
same story. She can't touch him
though they're both in love. But
she has to wait until... something
happens, until they're on the other
side of the universe and then they
can be in love forever.

PAUL

Can you remember anything else
about the guy?

JADE

I can remember, sorta, his face,
just a little. Like I could
recognize it if I saw it but... I
don't know who it is. I know that
we'd kissed, maybe done more,
before that day.

PAUL

So who's the doe in this him or
you?

JADE

I... I don't know

PAUL

Where did you hear this poem first?

JADE

I don't know Paul, I don't know, I
don't know!

She gets a little woozy, wipes a tear.

JADE

Paul. I, I need to get dressed.

PAUL

Of course. I'll stay on the couch
in case you need me.

Act 1; Scene 8

They share a long glance and then he leaves.

She gets up, slams the dresser with her palms, partially out of anger and also because she's getting woozy. All these clothes are her size. She pulls them out of the drawers. She pulls out some and puts them on. It anguishes her that they fit perfectly. She grabs the door handle, ready to leave then sees where Paul had put her phone on the counter. She unlocks it and begins looking through the pictures. There's one of her and an apathetic-looking guy in a green sweater. She stands up and looks around frantically, then falls over, the room begins vibrating again. Her mind is racing with thoughts.

She glimpses her reflection in the window, then turns to stare at it, holds the clothes up to herself. Then, behind her is her, or a girl that looks like her. The girl runs her hand through Jade's hair. Then she grips the back of Jade's head and slams it into the mirror, knocking Jade out.

BLACK OUT - two gun shots.